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PURSUING PLEASURES.

THE GAY CHASE GOES MERRILY ON IN NEW YORK.

Clara Belie Says That Every Weman in Swelldom is Counting the flours to Ash Wednesday A Comical In-cident at the Metropolitan.



When I saw a girl friend imbib milk punch through a in that particular restaurant where usage scems to permit of mild feminine a coholism, I reminded her that I had seen her making the same indulgence only the previous day. "Oh, I'm taking one every day now," she replied, "because I never drink them

Thus you see that religion tempers, it does not control the customs of our modish people.
The Astors and the Vanderbilts, or at

the Astors and the Vanderbitts, or at least the more socially consequential ones among them, will sail away for Europe next week, but in the meantime they are giving dinners, receptions and balls at a furious rate. Chauncey M. Depew, you know, is not only a business associate of the Vanderbitts in railreading but he mixes familiar, with roading, but he mixes familiarly with them in society. At the opera the other night I heard Mrs. William Astor remark: "I do believe, Mr. Depew, that you have been helping Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt to make out a timetable. Surely, she crowds in more entertainments without collision than I. tertainments without collision than I

can succeed in doing."
"Did you ever see a man making a railway time-table?" Mr. Depew jocosely responded. "Well, this is the way he does it. A thread of a certain color represents every train that is run over the line close to others. With two or three of these different colored threads stretched along the route, and by means of markings of their running time, be lays out the new schedule. Wherever the threads have to cross, owing to the comparative slowness or swiftness of the trains and their relative times of interfering with each other, the lay-out of threads enables him to fix the figures exactly and suc-cessfully. Now, this is a secret," and he glanced with twinkling eyes at the group of a dozen hearers. 'I spent two days laying out a time-table in that manner for Mrs. Vanderbilt, and if any of her entertainments should come into collision she would hold me responsible.

There are two tiers of boxes in the Metropolitan Opera-House in which the ladies wear full dress. The lower tier projects further into the body of the house than the upper, so that any object falling from the latter might readily strike a person sitting in the former. While Perotti, the tenor, was reveling in his piercing high notes the other night a much-bejeweled woman in one of the boxes in the second tier chanced to lean over the rail to gaze at the orchestra stalls. The movement shook a piece of diamond jewelry from her hair, and it fell swiftly down into the box, beneath. Under some circum-stances the ornament would have been lost, but it so happened that it found a sweet and safe resting place. A fresh, big-eyed beauty in the lower box suddenly startled her friends by clutching her pretty neck and exclaiming: "Oh! I think I'm stabbed!"

Everybody bent solicitously toward her, demanding what was the matter. She tapped her chest and gasped: "I felt a sharp weapon strike me here."
Her mother looked keenly at the girl's throat, but there was no sign of a wound. Of this she strove to assure

her child 'It is lower down," whispered the young woman. At that moment a gentleman entered

by a door at the back of the box. "Pardon my intrusion," he said, "but my wife in the box above dropped a jewel from her hair a moment ago, and she saw that it fell in here. Have you seen anything of it?"

The lovely girl who thought herself stabbed sat upright in her chair and looked a trifle frightened. Then she dashed into the back room, from which she presently returned, her face wreathed in timid smiles.

'Here is the jeweel," she said, holding forth a handsome diamond dagger.
Where she found the dagger would have remained a mystery unless a young man who had been sitting a her side had seen it when it struck her neck just above the rim of her corsage and then slip comfortably out of sight under the costly lace. Which shows somewhat feebly that our girls do not as yet muffle up to the cars when they to the opera.

It is generally believed that the Frenchmen produce the spiciest ball of the season and that the McAllister peo-ple give the handsomest. But there is some mistake in this. The largest pub-lic ball and the sightliest is given by the Germans in the Metropolitan Opera House. This year it was an intoxica-ting affair. The boxes were like gold cages, crowded with gorgeous birds, and the undulating floor writhed with tortuous abundance of dancers that stunned the vision. A young man-about town leaned against the wall at 2 clock and commented upon the dazzling display.

You can talk about your charity your French, your patriarch and your Mrs. Astor girls." said he, "but when these German girls flit out on the floor the rest of them are lost in the dust. I don't want to say 'I love you,' or 'Je t'aime to-night, but 'Ich liebe dich.' Now, did you ever see such blondness of hair, such cherry redness of lips, such blueness of eye as these girls show? It is the Dresden china tinting, and it doesn't come off on the coat, either. And look at the figures of 'em' that one, the peachy fairy who fits into hergown like a No. 3 hand into a I glove, but, as you observe, staying

As the gentleman was speaking a tall, splendid young woman who was, in appearance, quite the most fascinating blending of loveliness ever seen, with hair like a long strip of night and complexion as fresh as rose leaves, they work him and said said. flew up to him and said:
"Vill you danz mit me?"

The way he looked at the young lady as they disappeared together indito the edge of the earth and fall off if she would only fall with him. But he was found an hour later in the supper room nursing a decanter of brandy and a siphon of soda. He said: "Well,

From where ?" he was asked. "Paradiac, I guess," said he. "I tell you what it is, those German belles have dash. I have been cutting capers for society buds the whole season, and

it has been a funeral for me. I just stepped out of it all to-night for the first time. Well, here I am, and I'm glad I let myself go. It was delight-

Among the products of modern so-clety there is none more remarkable than the juvenile attendant-cavalier. A dozen rich and highly-respected New York matrons now provide themselves each with what she is pleased to call "a useful boy," and to do her justice it must be acknowledged that she compels the

te acknowledged that she compels the young man to carn his qualifications. Mrs. Grundy herself has accepted him, and the husband heeds him not.

Indeed he is rather regarded by that individual in the light of an understudy, as he relieves Monsieur of many little social duties which would otherwise social duties which would other the social duties which would be social duties which woul wise sadly interfere with his own en gagements, whether of business or of pleasure. There was a time when a married lady of personal attractions would scarcely have ventured to go about everywhere with a good-looking young man who was not her husband. Nowndays we look for the harmless, necessary "tame cat." The fashionable matron takes much pride in the appearance of her cavalier, and to qualify for the position he must in a measure be ernamental as well as useful. Further-more he must in no wise be awkward. He must be able to put a cloak round Madam's shoulders as carefully as her maid, and to adjust an opera-hood without ruffling the hair.

It being part of his duties, too, to attend to fans, bouquets, opera-glasses, programmes, dogs, and all such impediments, it is necessary that he should not indulge in the old-fashioned occupation of wool-gathering, while on no account must he permit himself to cherish the usual masculine aversion to "shopping;" for when he is not dispatched alone to execute my lady's orders, which may range from a box at the opera to a box of pearl powder, he is required to be in attendance when she makes the round of dry-goods emporiums. To the on-looker the value of his presence on these occasions appears limited, for it seems that he does nothing but balance himself on the edge of chairs, adjust his tie in every available mirror, and occasionally make mildly facetious and more frequently

impertinent comments on the goods.

At the restaurants he secures luncheon, and, being well drilled in madam's likes and dislikes, he thus saves her the trouble of choosing her own fare and the infliction of getting what she de-tests. He is useful, too, in finding the carriage after the theatre or afternoon party, and, added to all these serviceable if not exactly intellectual qualities, are the advantages that he can be snubbed at will, that he never dare grumble like busbands, and that he never bores with the wearlsome attentions of older men.

To what end do these perfumed dandyettes run errands and act as footmen to other men's wives if not to play at being gay Lotharios? Their reward is that they get taken everywhere and everybody has to treat them with some degree of civility. Then, they are in the train of a pretty, or at least of a popular woman, a distinction which all youths envy. They live on the meta-phorical milk and honey of the land; they bask in luxury and revel in all the best entertainments, pick up "good tips," and eventually, if they are smart, secure a rich bride.

"That is the most beautiful woman I have ever looked upon." It was at a theatre the other night that I heard these words The actress who had called out the remark from the young lady who sat near to me, was undoubtedly a creature of marvelous physical splendor, probably as well-modeled and tinted as any woman in New York. Between the acts the young lady who had been dazzled by the beauty rapturized about her to her escort, and, among other questions she asked, was this: "How was she ever

made so thoroughly lovely?"
"Well," replied the gentleman at her side, "I have no doubt that her parents were fine looking people."

I was tempted to direct the attention of this couple toward a box filled with They were the most ordinary ooking lot in the theatre. An old man who could never have been of prepossessing appearance in his best days of youth. A raw-boned, large-featured woman, with hard mouth and ugly-ringletted hair, and two girls of twenty-five or more, with-out a grain of beauty to serve for both of them. This discouraging assort-ment were obviously closely related to one another, for a general plan of ugliness overspread them all.

The old parties were parents of the unlovely girls. It seemed unfortunate that children should inherit a total lack of physical attraction, and the artist as well as the physiologist would have regretted in looking at them that a marriage which could perpetuate such a painful profusion of homeliness should have ever been consummated.

But the interesting part of it all is that that old couple are the parents of the magnificent actress as well as her

excessively plain sisters.

How very little of true character even the wisest of men can divine from the outward appearance of feminine beauty. The other day a minister of the gospel, who is noted for his pro-found moral convictions, and also for his attractive physical appearance, was walking along the sunny side of Fifth avenue when his eye caught sight of a charming young woman who tripped eross the muddy pavement. She seemed of most evident excellence of mind as well as body, for one's attention was not more pleased with the wholesome grace of her handsome figure than with the thoughtful and refined expression of her pretty face.

"Now, there is a lovely child," said the minister to his friend. "What is there more encouraging and sweet to see than a pure-minded and noble ex-suple of girldhood, such as I make no doubt that one is." It is the fresh, young faces like hers that speak as plainly as flowers or stars of the worth and meaning of total cleanness. There is nothing coquettish in her."

As the minister was speaking, he, with his friend, drew nearer and nearer to the fair-faced daughter of a rich family, and it was noted that she had fixed her large, expressive eyes upon the fine countenance of the divine, as though she felt an interest in him Presently she was within a few paces of him, and at that instant a pronounced flash of eloquence, followed by an ingenious softening of the eyes, almost made the minister's heart stand still As he stopped in amazement and turned to look at the bold beauty, the encouraging smile that met his gaze drew a deep sigh of despair from his breast. As he walked sadly away he muttered: I thought she wasn't a flirt. then, such a fool ?" CLARA BELLE.

Consumption Surely Cured.

Please inform your readers that I have a ositive remedy for above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy fare to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send metheir Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 131 Pearl street, New York.

EXPERIENCED SUDGES claim that Port ner's Vienna Cabinet (light) and Culm-backer (dark) is the best. Call for it and

STYLES OF COSTUMING SEEN ON PRETENTIOUS OCCASIONS.

Steeves a New Idea - 9 thing New in dachets Long Waists Are Being Opposed Hair Not Dressed as High as Formerly.



- 11/4 bodices are cut either with very short points in front or else quite round, the waist being very often out-lined with a girdle of silk cord, knotted on one side, and afterward falling al-most to the hem of the skirt. Draperles and puffings of chiffon round the bust and on the shoulders appear to be indispensable from these new bodices, while trimmings of ribbon and flowers are profusely used.

Pompom sleeves, such as are here sketched, are a new iden. The gown was a plum-colored silk, brocaded with designs in the colors of shaded autumn leaves. The bretelles and other trim-



mings were of pale saffron silk gauze and on the shoulders were wings of old gold. But the curious feature was the puffy structure of lace rising above the merely rudimentary sleeve on each shoulder. Oddity is thus achieved.

Just here let me tell, for the comfort of those women who have to make their own dresses, of the discomfort of a woman of my acquaintance who is bound to be stylish or die in the attempt. She has just had a frock sent home from a well known New York maker. She put it on, and prepared to sally forth and strike all beholders dumb. But her bustle troubled her. The tiny pad felt like a cannon ball. She tried to consider it her imagination, but that terrible weight pressing on her back nearly drove her crazy.

At last she threw off the gown, took out the pad, got her scissors and sat down to investigate. She ripped the pad open, and what do you think she found it was stuffed with? That "swagger" dressmaker had swept her room and emptied her dust-pan into this bustle. There were the clippings and sweepings from a dozen different dresses rolled up, along with dust from the four corners of the establishment, packed into semblance of a rag-carpet ball, and made into a genuine, bona fide imitation foreign bustle. My friend has concluded that for the future a good, plain, every-day, home-like Yankee bustle will answer all purposes.

Which is the prettiest dress seen in New York swelldom this February? Oh, who shall decide? The best authorities would disagree. Surely a Surely a lovely gown of coral-pink faille, with large designs in thread-colored guipure lace. The ceinture is of coral-pink velvet, while the only trimming consists of rows of frisee orange ostrich feathers arranged as designed. The gloves are of a pale straw color. Please note the shirred effect in my initial sketch and also in the full-length portrait. That is a brand-new idea. I saw one Empire gown of bright citron-yellow satin, tight-fitting and with no other trimming but two epaulettes of yellow roses. An over-dress exactly like a-hum! Dear



me! I cannot use the exact term, but a "primary" garment, slightly shirred around the neck, of cream silk net in exact early Empire design—stars and a broad floral edge—copied from an an-tique tulle of the period, is to be worn with a band of diamonds under the bust to simulate the Recamier waist. Short puffs of starred net form small globe

Still another gown of peach blossom velvet has the corsage folded over from one side to the other in graceful lines. The decolletage is edged with a narrow band of ostrich trimming that continues to the waist after crossing the bust. The skirt, cut entirely on the cross, is perfectly plain, a narrow band of feather trimming cuts the velvet in a diagonal line from waist to hem. Yet another somewhat resembles the faint mauve pink of hot house lilac buds. Lille tnemique would not be a bad name for the tone, used as we are getting to realstie terms in everything, dress fabrica

included. The gown is that tint, with gleaming train and no trimming at all, the only thing that attenuates the monotone

being a pair of pale green velvet sleeves, picture-squely formed and fully draped and entirely embroidered with silver spangles. In by gone days a woman wearing a dress of one material and sleeves of number, unless at a fancy dress ball, would have been looked upon as somewhat daft, or that she had possessed sufficient unterial to com ete her gown. Nowadays the fashion is not only to vary the materials, but also colors, and really the effect is exceedingly becoming: consequently at such originalities we cannot possibly

There seems to be a mad idea these There seems to be a mad iden these days to counteract the natural effect of our physiques. The tall, slender girl rejoices in being able to wear sashes and hip-draping. The little, round one runs to perpendicular lines. All very well when our characteristics are too pronounced.

For a very slim figure there is a Di-recteire modification of the old vest and jacket style. The jacket is of three thicknesses, each thickness out shorter and smaller than the last. You re member the tripple coachmen capes that used to be worn? The inside or longest thickness is cut off just above the waist line. The thicknesses are all quite loose and free from each other. The same idea is carried out in the loose. sleeve. The first thickness is supposed to make the full length of sleeve; the other two are cut, the first about at the elbow, the next a little above, and both are slit straigh up the arm to where they enter the shoulder seam. The edge of the longer over-piece shows, of course, be-youd the edge of the shorter along the

silt as it does around the arm. The jacket is cut wide to show the entire front of the under bodice. This bodice has pleated yoke pointed in front just below the breast line, while below this yoke it fits closely, crossed in double-breasted fashion. A very clever dress! The slim, long waist is displayed, the round of bust assisted in front by the pleated yoke, and breadth across the figure helped by the triple jacket. At the same time unpleasant slimness of the upper arm is concealed by the style of sleeves.

There is an evident movement against the long waists which have tortured some of us and made us look out of all proportion besides. A handsome pointed neck dress is made with a sort of tight-fitting Spanish-jacket, the edge of which just reaches the waist-line at the back and rounds up from under the arms till the two points meet and fasten just under the breast-line. The triangular space left in front is filled with loosely falling lace or net, confined by ribbons fastened to the edges of the jacket as they meet the waist-line. These rib-bons tie loosely in front. The sudden, ugly and unnatural concave from breast-line to waist in front is thus con-Hair is dressed most elaborately for

New York balls but not all atop of the head as formerly. See my pictures for particulars. Hair must look as if it stays so without hair-pins. The girls who have very little hair seem to be the ones in luck just now. All the same. if you have magnificent heavy locks you can afford to laugh and stick to our Greek coil at the back of your ead. No woman whose luxuriant natural endowments prevent her from fol-lowing a fashion need be sorry. If you can't wear a triple jacket and a plaited yoke rejoice and don't. If your figure needs such assistance rejoice that fashion permits it and do it. We cannot all of us dress in a low neck bolster case and look like Mme, Recamier, And when you go to a ball always



have some extra pins about you. You can't do your waltzing comfortably if you have to drag a yard or so of val-enciennes streaming around after you. If you don't make a habit of providing yourself with these extra pins you wil many times see moments of anguish when you would give your soul for a pin and think you got it cheap. You step into the front of your dress and pull the drapery down to be stepped in again every time you move. An awk-ward man places his foot on your train and-oh, horrors!-the book and the band give way. Copyright, 1890.

Charged With Wife Murder. MALDEN, Mass., Feb. 15.—In the District Court vesterday E. Clarence Page of Medford and Mrs. Isabel L, wife of Huntley I. Clark of this city. were arraigned upon a warrant charging them with an attempt to murder Mrs. E. Clarence Page by putting poison in her food. They pleaded not gullty, and Page was held under \$6,000 and Mrs. Clark under \$2,000 bonds for trial February 21. Page's brother furnished bonds for both prisoners.

Suggestions for the Season. [Medical Journal.]

Be specially careful of draughts and sudden changes. Do not overwork. Of what use is wealth without health?

Recep your feet dry, but do not wear over-toes all the time.

Remember that the pores of your skin, when in health, are always open, and that closing them causes sickness. Dress warmly, but not heavily. Woolen clothing that permits the exhalations of the

body to escape is the best.

Eat strengthening and hearty, but not too much greasy foot. It is a mistake to suppose that fat food contains the most

vifality.

If you feel chilly at any time take a drink of pure whisky at once. Duffy's Pure Mait is the purest and best, and has the highest recommendations.

Do not call the doctor for every slight atlment. If you have a cold, feel depressed, and lack appetite and vigor, you need something to tone and build up the system. Nothing will do this so readfly as the pure article we have mentioned.

Mowatt will Have to Testify. NEWBURG, N. Y., Feb. 15.—Theodore C. Mowatt, one of the defendants in the suit brought by Miss Mary C. Mowatt to recover the money obtained from her by threats and intimidation, and who refused to appear as a witness before the referee. was arrested last night. He was found secreted in a small restaurant in Peckskill. He was taken to Poughkeepsle, and will have a hearing to-day. Blood Witt Tell.

Blood Witt Tell.

There is no auestion about it—blood will tell—especially if it be an impure blood. Blotches, cruptions, pimples and holls are all symptoms of an impure blood, due to the improper action of the liver. When this important organ fails to properly perform its function of parifying and cleansing the blood, impurities are earned to all parts of the system, and the symptoms above referred to are merely evidences of the struggle of nature to throw off the poisonous germs. Unless her warning be beeded in time, serious results are certain to follow, culminating in liver or kidney disorders, or even in consumption. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will prevent and cure these diseases by restoring the liver to a healthy condition.

HINTS IN LOVE-MAKING. brave even to felly, and while submis-

WHAT IS WORTH HAVING IS WORTH ASKING FOR!

Weman Loves Courage, but Not Bru-tality—She Must Be Woosed Before She is Won—One Kisses and One Holds Up the Cheek.

A dear friend of mine has given to the world her ideas of how woman should be wood, and especially how proposals should be made, and although she has at many points hit the nail square upon the head, there are others where my theories, for of course we are both of as simply theorizing, differ from hers, and I feel impelled to put those differences upon record.

In the first place, it seems to me that the love affairs of any given couple are their own affairs pur et sample, for although it is quite true that every marriage, like a stone thrown into a placid lake, produces ripples of almost infinite continuance, finally etching a line of more or less invertages area. line of more or less importance upon the shores of Time, we must grant that these matters are absolutely beyond the control of any but the two parties con-cerned. In other days and other lands, to be sure, "stern parients" and guardians did both prevent and enforce mar-riages, but I fancy it would be rather a hard matter to do so in "emancipated" America or liberal England in this day, So although the marriages of other people may interest and even affect us

that they are not our business, nor run the risk of pluching our fingers by thrusting them into the machine. Yes, we all begin life by drenming of some impossible hero of romance, and all are rather disillusioned by our

decidedly, we may as well agree

I think my own first ideal was of a Spanish cavalier, a sort of compound of the Cid and Ponce de Leon, both of whom figured largely in the course of severe study in which my early years were passed under my father's eye. But Clds and Ponce de Leons do not meet one at every corner, and when at a very early age I received a bona fide offer I was so wrapped up in trying to harmonize the fact with my own theories that I accepted the offer with

bardly a thought of what I was doing. And I am afraid the experiences of life do not, and will not correct the child's astonishment at the disparity of real and ideal—in fact. I have rather come to the conclusion that no woman loves the actual man she accepts and perhaps marries, but she may go on in perfect content and security, loving an ideal to which she has given his name, and if the lover has enough of the ser-pent's wisdom, and she of the innocence of the dove, the happy illusion may last to the end of their lives. But my especial bit of advice to men under such circumstances would be-keep up the

Titania falls in love with Nick Bottom, dressed in the ass's hide, and if Nick will hold his tongue and simply look devotion into her adoring eyes, all may go well, but generally speaking Nick tries to intensify the charm of his velvet ears by speech, and as the nature of an ass is to bray, Titania is disillusioned. Now I don't mean that all men are asses—far from it—but I do mean that almost no man is as high, as wide, as leep, as astute as the woman who loves him thinks he is, and his business is simply to never let her reach his limitations. He can't possibly reach her ideal of him, but let him artfully veil the point where he stops short.

Then as for the Sabine mode of courtship, I do not think it would be generally acceptable. I am quite sure, for one, that I should be far more an-noyed than gratified in being swooped up by any rough-rider who came along and "wooed and married and a" before I knew how my captor looked.

I think the Sabine maidens nowadays

must be of the same class who used, after all the eligible girls had been sold hest bidder, in the market place, each labeled with the amount of dowry the State would bestow upon him who would take her away. Most of us prefer to be wooed before we are won, and although a cer-tain amount of boldness and confidence are highly conducive to the success of a wooer, an excess of these qualities is fatal to his hopes.

A good and charitable man, almost a stranger to me, recently wrote telling me that he gave me the "privilege" of performing a certain work and demand-ing a heavy check as a beginning. That man failed in his effort, through at-tempting the Sabine mode of wooing my Cassette, and a man who followed the same tactics in another sort of wooing would also fail. A woman who respects herself does so in love as well as in business, and carries out in every de-partment of life the good old adage, What's worth having is worth asking

What a woman does want, and, in fact, demands of a man, is courage; but courage is the head of the stick of which brutality is the ferrule, and a woman's dainty hands never wish to grasp the dirty end of anything. A brave man is not daunted by his lady's frown if he does not deserve it, and he sweeps aside her little affectations and pretenses as he does the train of her gown if he wishes to sit down beside her; but as he can move across the room among fifty trains and never step on one of them or crush the most fragile fabric of a dancing costume, so he will not wound, or crush, or startle the smallest of those little feminine defenses, and even while proceeding in calm assurance to conquest, will never abandon the role of deference and loy-

The iron hand loses all its opportu nlty with most of us if it casts aside the velvet glove, and although velvet without iron is contemptible, iron without velvet is repulsive and offensive. We claim ours as an Age of Progress,

and even many of us believe in Evolu-tion; let us, then, carry our beliefs into practice in this matter of love-making. The tiger woos his mate by a terrific growl and a cuff over the ears with his mighty paw-he terrifies her into submissiveness, and a certain savage loyalty in her nature responds to his savage wooing, and she remains his faithful wife for life.

But the tiger is a brute Various tribes of savages in various parts of the world woo in the Sabine fashion, either seizing their brides by main force, or attacking them and giv-ing them a sound drubbing by way of showing the force of their affection, or pursuing them in and out and through the huts of the village until the bride can be seized by her floating hair, or

tripped up by a spear-staff.

But savages are—savages

William the Conqueror, some 900
years ago, met Matilda of Flanders
coming from church, and dragging her from her paifrey beat her soundly with his stirrup-leather and rolled all her gay raiment in the dirt. But William the Conqueror was also William the Bara born. shall feel that I have done them a service

William the Base-born. is it not, then, illogical in an age of progress and in an advanced period of evolution to go back to the primitive types—to the Brute, the Savage, the Base born? Out of the dirt in which William

rolled Matilda grew the fair flower of chivalry, and a race of men who, how-ever fantastic and excessive in their devotion to the ladies of their love, were

sive to the lightest command or check of their mistress, would attack a dozen

of their mistress, would attack a dozen men in her defense, aye, and conquer them, too. Let us not retrograde through this stage of the development of the male lover and plant ourselves again in the cruder types.

Rather it is my mind to improve upon the knight lover as he improved upon the Savage, and while retaining all his courage and confidence in presence of an enemy, and all his devotedness and delicacy to the lady of his love, to add the windom, the experience the broader. the wisdom, the experience, the broader thought of the nineteenth century, to this substratum, and develop a man or a race of men to whose wooing the women of their day will gladly yield submission and all the lavish loyalty of

woman's nature, not because they do mand if, but because they deserve it.

The deepest instinct of a woman rature is that of submission for love's sake to him she loves, but before she reaches that stage of surrender she must have become convinced that she is truly loved and truly appreciated by him to whom she will finally surren

Every woman is by nature a queer In her own right, and although may be willing enough to accept a king and gracefully yield the sceptre to him, she is not to come down from her throne and trudge through the mud after the first stalwart man-at-arms who orders her to do so. Were I the last woman in the world and the last man should say to me, "You shall be my wife—I order you to marry me," I would use the last steamer in the world to place an ocean between myself and

What is worth having is worth ask

Perhaps I have not outlived my faith in Ideals, perhaps I delude myself even while pointing out the delusions that rule my own sex, but I still think that men such as I have described do exist, and that many a woman yet may do joyous homage to her king without ceasing to be herself a sovereign. Mrs. Frank Leslie.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Bagley-Well, who are you looking for y Balley-Oh, nobody in particular. Bagley-Why don't you look in the glass.-Judge.

Ile-Kiss me, darling,
She-One moment. Have you had La
Grippe?
He-Yes.
She-Then wait till I take some quinine.

With a woman it is a struggle to provide something for the inner man, and with a man it is an effort to provide something for the outer woman.—Atchison Globe.

Burroughs (handing Mrs. Flapjack a check at the breakfast (able)—Hasn't Rob-inson come down yet? Mrs. Flapjack—No, sir, not for four

Mr. Mattix (instructor in arithmetic)—George, what is the dividend?
George Cartrust (son of President Cartrust of P. Q. & R. R. R. Co.)—It's what is left after the "divide."—Pack. Gld Friend (unexpected arrival)-And so

this is your daughter's coming-out party?

Fractical Mother—Yes, and if I hadn't put my veto on those dressmakers she would have been out a good deal further than the is.—New York Heekly. Pon Vivant (excitedly)—Sir, I appeal to you to have that man ejected—the large man with the red face.

Restaurant Proprietor—What's the mat-ter? Is he a crook! (Savagely)—Worse than that. I just saw him cut a raw oyster.—Time. Watchman (breathlessly)-The watchman (breathlessly)—The boy's dormitory is on fire, and if they flud it out they'll stop to save their footballs, buts and things and perish.

Boarding-school Principal (quickly)—Notify the boys that all who are not down stairs in two minutes wou't get any pie.—New York Weekly.

Judge-What's the charge, officer? Officer-Petty largery, your honor.

don, Judge: the charge is impersonating an officer.

Judge—How do you make that out?

Prisoner—I took a handful of peanuts
and an orange from a poor woman's stand
without paying forthem.—E.change.

"Bread is the staff of life, you know," said the farmer's wife to the tramp,
"I know it is," answered the tramp, saily; "and I know I've got too lean on Sunday-school Tember-By their fruits

ye shall know them. Willie Brown, you may tell me what that means.

Willie Brown—You can always tell a Dago by his banana stand. - Park Jack-Shall I kiss you? Nellie-Do it if you dare!-Park

Turner -That Sampson is a mean tuan-brawly-Yaws, by jove, he said the other night that I weminded him of Baw-num's what-is-it. "But I will say of him, he's as honest as the day is long." -Time.

Teacher-What part of speech is "but?" Michael But is a conjunction. Teacher Correct. Now give me an example of its use.

Michael—See the goat but the boy flut connects the goat and the boy .- Harper's

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RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 81, 1880. Assets \$136,101,328.02

\$10,319,174 46 9,637,245 44 1,717,151 51 31,119,010 62 Increase in Assets.... Surplus Increase in Surplus.... Receipts.
Increase during year
Paid Folicy-Holders.
Increase during year
Risks assumed.
Increase during year 4,903,097 10 15,200,608 38 173,008 16 151,602,183 37 45,355,222 05 Risks in force
Therease during year
Policies in force
Increase during year 363,949,933 99 83,821,719 58 23,941 Policies written in 1889... Increase over 1888.

Real Estate and Bond and Mortgage Loans. United States Bonds and Other Securities.... 50,323,469 81 9,845,500 00 2,988,632 78 3,881,812 28 Louns on Collateral Securities... Cash in Runks and Trust Companies at Interest Interest Accrued, Premiums Deferred and in Transit, &c 8136,401,325 02

Liabilities (including reserve at 4 per cent. . \$126,741,079 58,

THE ASSETS ARE INVESTED AS FOLLOWS:

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct.

A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor

From the Surplus above stated a dividend will be apportioned as usual. Risks Outstanding, \$351,780,985 Assumed. \$34,681,420 \$1,745,771 5,012,634 \$103,876,178,51 46,507,139 56,832,719 69,457,468 368,981,441 393,869,203 427,628,933 482,125,184 108,908,967,51 114,181,963,24 118,806,851,88 126,082,153,56 5,643,568 6,204,449 7,910,068 103,214,261 151,602,483 New Your, January 29, 1890.

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